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Aeroplane Thoughts on Religion

BY GEORGE A. BUTTRICK

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. Psalm 139:9, 10.

SURELY no one can claim to be versed in English literature who does not know the English Bible. Its thread of many colors runs through the warp and woof of the poetry of Milton, Browning, and Tennyson. "A book of star-fire and immortal tears," said Thomas Carlyle. Here is an image which John Keats and Francis Thompson with their opulent imagination could never excel, and it enshrines a truth which makes the image seem poor. God is Spirit Inescapable—such is the truth. The singer canvasses all possibilities of escape: If I ascend unto the heaven of joyous self-sacrifice, "Thou art there." If I make my bed in the hell of sin's self-disgust, "Thou art there." If I say "The darkness shall cover me," even the darkness hideth not from thee. Darkness and light are both alike to thee, and the night shineth as the day. "If I take the wings of the morning" riding the back of the sunbird whose golden head makes dawn on the eastern rim, whose pinions mount to fill the sky; and if I should thus fly unto the "uttermost bounds of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

To him the wings were a figure of speech: Lindbergh made them actual to us. To him the flight was imagined, to us it is known. These are some thoughts of one passenger among the thousands whom a certain airline company has carried in recent months.

I.

What precautions for the safety of the body! A radio-beam Morse-code signal on each side of a five-

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mile track—a dot and a dash on one side, and a dash and a dot on the other. When the pilots are flying the plane in the middle of the track the signals synchronize to form one continuous line of sound; if they are off track the stronger signal shows on which side. Though encompassed by cloud the plane can be guided on an accurate course. (This description suggests that I understand it. I do not. The earth now is full of mysteries. We have high-sounding names for them, but the names are only a cover for our ignorance.) What precautions for physical safety! Landing fields every few miles; light beacons flashing in the darkness; one pilot with earphones and a speaking-phone, receiving weather reports as he flies, talking to passing planes and to airports along the way.

If only we used equal precautions to protect people's thoughts and spirits! We isolate smallpox, but we allow promoters, whose minds are diseased with the lust of money, to foist gangster films and films of sex (as they conceive it) on a supine public. In the crass individualism of our time almost any man may exploit the degrading for the sake of gain. Who can measure the harm to children in the typical amusements of the day? There is not in the movies today a really creative amusement for our children. Why save the body if the spirit is seared? We have government departments to protect the breed of cattle. Hogs are tended with an almost scientific care. But unfit humans may still rear unfit children who are an unhappiness to themselves and a threat to society. Perchance a government department in this field, especially with our present breed of politicians, would be at too great price of human freedom. The more need, therefore, for schools and churches to flash radio-beams to guide the spirit of man on those adventures for which God has destined us.

II.

And what marvelous control of nature's powers on that flight through the air! The cabins were ventilated and warm; more and more they are being soundproofed. The swaying is obtrusive only in the wind currents of a high mountain pass, and even then not disconcerting. This sermon was written in notes at an altitude of thirteen thousand feet: it may be unsteady, and lack elevation, but not because of the plane! An appetizing lunch was served "up there," and we enjoyed it. The "ship" was nearly sixty feet long, with a wingspread of eighty feet; and it weighed eight and three-quarter tons—but rose as lightly and gracefully as a seagull.

What a control of nature's powers, and what concert of action; four men on the ground to every pilot in the air: a multitude of resources converging on that flight to make it succeed! When shall we give as much study to social forces and learn in the realm of human relationships a similar control? And spiritual forces—what prodigious power is waiting there, and how few pioneers! A friend has suggested that we should declare a moratorium on mechanical devices so as to divert human time and talent to redeeming our social and spiritual "lag." Such a moratorium is hardly possible. We can hardly return to the spinning jenny and the hand plow. But the suggestion indicates an urgent need for social engineering and spiritual adventure. I wonder if he who calls it "economic order" is a professional humorist.

Here are some facts chosen at random from a book entitled "Social Perplexities." Six thousand or so bituminous mines produce in spasms of employment the coal which perhaps two thousand could produce in steady work three hundred days a year. Eighty-six per cent of our people are considered poor by the reckoning of our department of labor, but 14,700 individuals have incomes reaching or surpassing $100,000 per year. Our factories produce, or could produce, two or three times as many shoes as we can use, but in the tropics vast numbers of people become anemic with hookworm by going barefoot. Wheat rots in our granaries, but thousands are near hunger, while in China children press their little bodies to the ground to smother the starvation pangs.

The book is filled with such facts. If you were to ask me, I would admit that the book is rather frantic. I do not recite the facts to make an indictment; strangely this dismemberment has come upon us without our deliberate will. Yet we have not deliberately willed a brotherly world, have we? Ministers and people alike, we have subscribed to the fallacy that private gain is public profit—though the fallacy should have been as clear as devildom—and now chaos is upon us. In short, we must make our social controls and our spiritual adventures. The mechanical invention can perhaps afford to wait: the real heroes will be found in this other realm.

Kagawa in Japan is transforming the slums of his country into centers of creative living. Gandhi in India, whatever his blindspots may be, is demonstrating a force greater than military force: an empire dare not kill him or let him die, because once an empire did kill another Man on a hill called Calvary. Schweitzer in Africa, brilliant German musician, theologian, and doctor, is in the Lambarene forest healing African bodies and at the same time bridging a chasm between the black race and the white—making atonement for the contumely we have heaped on our brother of a darker skin. And all these men have by prayer and self-surrender found harmony of life—such harmony as puts to shame our jazz-age freedom. And in Chicago and New York there are men who in industry are devising an American cooperationism as a better substitute for Russian communism. But we must make haste; we have been selfish so long that disintegration is rapid; we must travel fast to overtake it ere it become a worse thing. I found myself almost begrudging the brains gone into an aeroplane: I plead now for consecrated brains to make a social brotherhood; yea, and for that spiritual adventure which, in a time bedraggled by its liberties, can make a unified and radiant life.

III.

But perhaps the aeroplane, by drawing together the world, is serving a Will which strangely works through

the blind will of men. How small our planet has shrunk! Lake Tahoe in the high Sierras, a lake twenty-three miles long, looked like a tiny pale-green mirror as we passed it on our south. And Donner lake immediately below us was a tiny turquoise stone. Was it not at Donner lake that a party of emigrants was snowbound, and thirty-six of them perished? That was in 1848. Goodwell came to what is now the San Francisco bay in 1851. Then covered wagons toiled laboriously through Emigrants' pass. Later came the train. Later the plane from which we saw the train emerging from a tunnel like a caterpillar crawling out of a hole. We made the journey from Oakland to

GEORGE A. BUTTRICK

Salt Lake City in five and a half hours, comfortably eating lunch en route. Doubtless planes will soon be built to carry passengers safely across an ocean. The radio has already made the earth a whispering gallery —or an advertising convention. Our political speeches are now heard in foreign lands. Pity we cannot export a worthwhile commodity!

But the planet continues to shrink. We ponder the history of invention and are led to the uncanny notion that Invisible Hands are taking our humanity and pressing us closer—with the intent of a Comradeship. That Dutch clockmaker did not intend astronomical discovery when he found one day that he could see the village clock better through a thickness in the glass than through the even pane; yet a telescope came from that finding. If he did not intend it, who did? The Wright brothers, experimenting with a flying machine, did not intend to bring New York within twenty-eight hours of the Pacific. But if they did not intend it, who did? Slowly the Hands of God compel us to a Brotherhood!

The reversion of the future is not with men of war, but with lovers of peace. Let the cynic say that the League of Nations report on the Japanese occupation of Manchuria was only "another scrap of paper": the fact remains that for the first time in history such a report has been made! Hitherto each nation has been its own judge and jury, and the executioner besides. But that day has gone. A report has killed it!

America's share of the burden of the war, the smallest share, was 23 billion dollars. There are approximately six million unemployed in the United States today. Had we invested this 23 billion instead of blowing it up in the war, these millions of unemployed could be supported to the end of time on the interest which this money would earn, without even touching the principal. In other words, poverty might be extirpated forever in this country, and yet the 23 billion itself would never be spent!

The future belongs to the men of peace. It belongs to the patience, understanding, and persuasion that are in Christ "who being reviled reviled not again." As we flew over successive mountain ranges which looked exactly like those colored ridges on the plaster maps which we studied as children, as we pondered how small this little ball of earth has become, it was not hard to see a little Cross on a little Hill and to hear a Voice saying: "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." Only one Magnet can draw together the scattered spirits of mankind; only one Magnet can bring the bits of cruel steel into a pattern of kindness. Our hope is in him, and in the spirit of his cross.

IV

Here is a parable for you. Did not Jesus take his deepest experiences, and turn them into deathless parables? He saw a sower, and, touched by the man's lonely faith and faithfulness (his looking in the midst of storms for a distant harvest), he made that man a type of the kingdom—and would not Jesus bid us use our unwonted experiences as reflectors of the ways of God?

Leaving San Diego we flew for some distance over the sea; the coast at La Jolla was of a singular loveliness seen from that vantage. But when we reached Burbank field at Los Angeles the sky was overcast with gray, the streets were wet, the air filled with persistent drizzle. A sarcastic easterner might have remarked that it was the usual unusual California weather. We took off again in that gloom, and quickly mounted right through the clouds—which the pilot called "the soup." And lo!—unimpeded sunlight and air crystal-clear, and the upper side of that cloudbank like a sea of ice; or like a shimmering white floor of cotton-wool which took the folds of the hills and billowed in the valleys —with here and there a black mountain peak breaking through! And more: where that cotton-wool was most filled with moisture, there was refraction of sunlight and the cloudtop was turned into a many-colored splendor! Below a somber drizzle; but above that same drizzle was a rainbow glory. We rode thus on the

"wings of the morning" through that strangely radiant world—and verily God's way was in the clouds. For two hours thus we rode. Then down again. Everything blotted out for a moment, the plane-wings at an angle which the human body took but grudgingly, spindrift of torn cloud hurrying past the window—when suddenly there below we saw San Jose and the long arm of San Francisco harbor looking gray in the dull light.

And the parable? Oh, our fears and anxieties and sorrows are the cloud—with sometimes a drizzle of tears. And our prayers are wings on which we can mount clear through our clouds to find them sunlit on the upper side. Nor is that idea mere poetry: it is fact, as all the saints have proved. Jesus would spend all night in prayer—under a cloud thicker than any that may darken our day: the loss of his home, the hatred of foes against whom his only crime was righteousness and love, the treachery of friends, the cross at the last. Yet his prayers were wings. He reached the topside of even the cloud of the Cross. There was one night of prayer when the radiance of that upper world transfigured his face and made his very garments glistening. Our fervent, expectant prayers are wings!

But down again—to an earth that seems dull. We may not forever dwell in that radiance. Certain of the mystics tried so to live; their piety was rarified but not compassionate, and it became at length a selfishness. Down to earth again—but down as those who know now that only the earth-facing side of a cloud is gray; as those who know that all clouds are but children of the sun; as those who in that surety would not escape from earth but do its tasks and help other people carry their sorrows in the glorious faith that is written in the prayers of Christ.

V

How dependent we were on those pilots! We looked through the cabin window at the ground-wheels of the plane. They were not spinning, they were still; there was no ground against which they would spin. We tapped our feet on the floor; there was just that much between us and oblivion. All of us dependent on the touch of a pilot's hand. There are times in life when we are just as dependent upon one another's handclasp or kindly word or generous act. Just that much then between us and despair! May God keep us kind!

This whole world is only a small aeroplane. From a height of thirteen thousand feet the horizon seemed to curve in an arc to show how tiny is this floating ball on which we so importantly strut. What is going to happen to us? How baffling the problems of our common life! How far beyond our short sight and blundering selfishness! But there is a Pilot who lifts the worlds as a "very little thing." Perhaps the deepest wisdom is to keep close to him in prayer, and find by a sure surmise of the soul what he would have us do. Thus shall we have deliverance from our own blind and broken plans, and in singing freedom fulfill his plan "who is all and in all": and find at last that his inescapable Spirit is our only Home.

The Way Out for America

BY WILLIAM. R. MOODY

Then Saul drew near to Samuel in the gate, and said, "Tell me I pray thee, where the seer's house is." And Samuel answered Saul, and said, "I am the seer." I Kings 9:18,19.

THIS is the old story of the first meeting between Samuel and Saul. Saul was a big young man (he was seven feet tall), and, at that stage of the game, a very shy and simple one. He afterwards got some wit and wisdom from the years, but never in his life was he noted for an overplus of either. At this present moment he and a serving man were out looking for his father's asses which were lost. Having looked for them unsuccessfully for several days, they thought of the prophet Samuel. "Surely," they said, "the seer ought to be able to tell us where they are." That, as they understood it, was the business of "seers," to see and to know things hidden from ordinary men. A "seer," that is, a man with "second sight," surely ought to be able to locate the lost cattle.

That, then, was Saul's opinion of Samuel. It was not very complimentary to Samuel, but, then, Saul did not realize that. He was a simple soul, a direct fellow, and not used to being burdened with deep thought. Later, when the problems of the kingship forced him to think, he became unsettled mentally. Just now it meant nothing to him that Samuel was God's prophet; he thought of him only as an old fellow who might help him find his father's cattle. There were, however, forces abroad in Israel that day of which Saul had no knowledge. He thought only of his father's cattle; but Samuel had to find a king for the Jewish nation. So it came about that this seven-foot man, simple of soul, caught the prophet's eye, and became Israel's first king.

So Saul went looking for Samuel, and when he found him, he did not know him. He met Samuel in the gate of the little town, and asked him politely enough, "I pray thee, sir, tell me where the seer's house is." Samuel answered him, "I am the seer!"

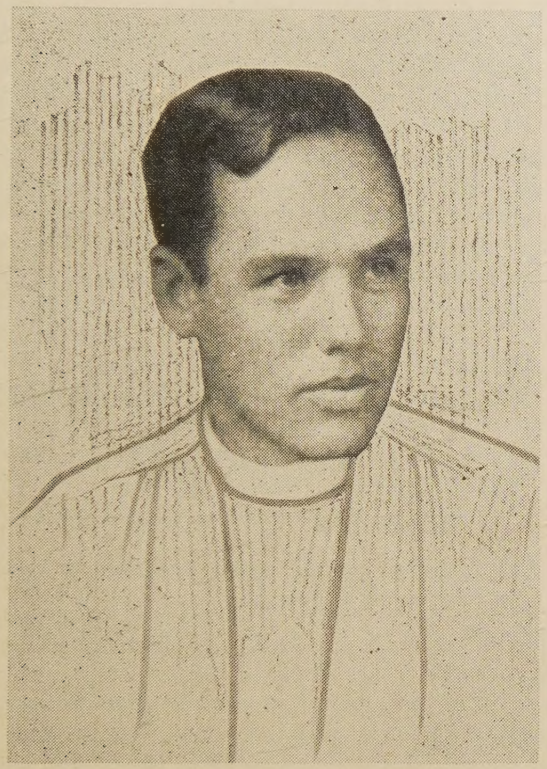
Houses and Men

It did not matter where the seer's house was now, for Saul had found the seer. There is a difference between a house, and the man who lives in it; that is the message of this text. It may seem to be a trite message, a silly message; but it is neither. It is a message of pertinence, especially for this age.

Of the many schemes which have been presented to us as ways out of the present depression, most of them —I might almost say all of them—deal with the manipulation of material things. We are to pass more laws, or repeal some that we already have; or raise the tariff, or inflate the currency; or give sickly business a "blood transfusion" of Reconstruction Finance money: we are to pass unemployment insurance, or to have a five, or even a four day week. We are to do

this, we are to do that: we are to change this, we are to change that: and how many utopias will result from the putting together of this national jig-saw puzzle remains to be seen.

Technocracy tells us to put all our trust in the machine, and in the technician who runs the machine. Socialism tells us to put our trust in a sort of state control of everything, which is to be brought about in a fashion which is not very clear, except to college professors who live on endowments, newspaper columnists who live on ballyhoo, and visionaries who live on air. Communism tells us to put our trust in "soak the rich" and then grab what you can for yourself.



WILLIAM R. MOODY

It is all very confusing. No wonder people are muddled. Why is it that no one has suggested that there may not be anything wrong with out institutions after all, but that the wrong may be with ourselves? When all is said and done, there is a difference between the house, and the man who lives in it; and tearing up the kitchen-floor, or building a new garage, is not likely to make the master of the house a kinder man, or more considerate of his neighbors. When Saul met Samuel, he was asking for a house, but what he was really in search of was not a house, but a man.

This, then, is the point. The problem of reconstruction comes down to a question, not of methods, but of men. That is where Mr. Scott, of Technocracy, falls short of the mark with his theories. He fails to take into account that most confusing, that most baffling thing in all the world, the human personality. You can not measure the human personality with a slide-rule, or any other kind of rule. The human animal will not be standardized. Thousands of years of effort have failed to make all men think alike, or act alike. You can measure a machine; you can determine with accuracy what it will do under stress: but nobody can predict what a man will do when you put the pressure on him.

Our Problems Are Problems of People

Now consider: in a world governed by human beings, the human element becomes the most important of all elements. Yet, strange to say, it is the one element which leaders of our thought and the governors of our people seem to have forgotten. Like Saul they go about with their eyes set to see only a house, when the thing they need most to see is man. The problems of this age, like the problems of every age, are the problems of people, and not of institutions. Institutions are merely the tools with which people get things done. They may be poor, or they may be good, but they are tools nevertheless, and the chances are that a bad man will be able to do more harm with a good tool than with a bad one. The chances are that a fool with a rifle will be able to do more harm to the community than he could do with a spear. And anyone will know that a fool with a plow can ruin more of a crop in a day than a fool with a hoe could. As instruments are perfected, they become capable of doing more good in wise hands, and more harm in foolish or dishonest hands. That is the price which we have to pay for more efficient tools.

As it is with the rifle and the plow, so it is with those other "instruments" with which we get things done in the modern world—schools, the instrument of education; government, the instrument of community and national living; banks and business, the instruments for the distribution of the necessities and luxuries of life, and of the means for procuring them. That is, of course, a very partial list of the manifold "instruments" by which we live. There is, for instance, the church, the instrument for the awakening and the sustaining of religion in our people, and for the instilling of ideas of morality and of honesty in living. The strange thing about all these manifold activities is how few of them can be measured and set down according to rote and role in terms of money, or of energy, or of any other material thing.

For instance, I know a young clergyman who works in a home mission field where the people are very poor. He gets very little money, very little help, and not a great deal of sympathy; yet the things he does for those people as he tries to make their lives better, the love he gives them, the hope he puts into them, the trust they have in him—you could not buy these things with all the money in this city. That is all very true, but you could not get the R.F.C. to advance even a thousand dollars on the strength of those services, although it has during the past year advanced three hundred million dollars to one railroad. I contend that the services which that man gives to his people are worth as much, if not more, in upholding

the fabric of their lives as are the services of their railroad. Why is it then that the railroad gets what amounts to a government subsidy, while the man receives neglect?

The Worship of Institutions

Let us be fair in our judgment. We know that the services which our institutions contribute to our country are great or pitiful according to the character of the men behind those institutions. Public schools and colleges, in the hands of fanatics or fools may become menaces to our civilization. Congress itself, in the hands of incompetents and demagogues, may become a menace to the happiness and prosperity of every American home. Banks and business may become the deadly foe of the financial and economic security of the American people, if banks and business are in the hands of selfish schemers for their own gain.

It is not enough to have a good house, if the tenant is tearing it to pieces. It is not enough to have good institutions, nor will it do any good to cut and piddle with the institutions we have, if the men who run them are not worthy of their jobs. It is a trite saying, but it is as true now as ever it was, that "eternal vigilance on the part of the people is the price of their liberty."

In this, as in all else, the equation points to the man, and not to the thing. Our institutions do not make our civilization. Do you really think for one moment that we are civilized today because we have electricity, motor cars, and all the other luxuries of this age? It is not so. We have these things because of our civilization: we do not have civilization because of these things. And if the moral fiber which has made posssible the building of our civilization fails, we shall soon lose all these things of which we are so proud. Institutions are merely tools, and tools are no better than the men who use them. How long would it take a set of monkeys in a machine shop to turn out an engine that would pull a train? You know the answer. In order to rebuild a stable America, you must have Americans who are worthy of their tools.

You may build a fine house, and let it out to a crook, or a bum. Do you think that the fine house will make him into a fine man? It is much more likely that the man will change the house. For that same reason not twenty reams of new laws will make America a better place to live in. You must first change the American people, their way of thinking, their way of living. You must change the things they want, and the things they admire. You must make them less selfish, more considerate of the other fellow. You must teach them all over again that it is more blessed to give than to receive; that he who sets out, selfishly, to save his life, shall lose it.

A Return to Jesus Needed

These are no more than the simple, basic truths of Christianity, yet we have forgotten them. The church has been teaching them for nineteen hundred years, but our generation has refused to believe. We have believed in the "rugged" idea of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindermost," and, lo, that philosophy has come to flower in the infamous Mr. Capone, who, before he went to prison for "income tax violation," occupied an entire floor of Chicago's most fashionable hotel as his residence. Nobody was more gorgeously endomiciled than he, living like a prince upon the fabulous gains gotten from vice, contraband, terrorism, organized murder, and political corruption. Nor is he to blame for a situation which he did not create, but which created him. He was made possible, he and the thousands like him, and the other thousands also who are more deadly than he because they are more "respectable," (bandits in legitimate business!) because of the corruption of morals, and the fallen idealism of the American people.

The time for an awakening is at hand. Tinkering with the political structure, piddling with the social structure, will not do very much good, perhaps none at all. It is the moral structure which has broken down, and must be rebuilt. Let us stop looking at the houses men have built, and turn our eyes upon the men themselves, for there lies the fault, and there the blame.

There is but one cure for our country's ills—a return to the moral teachings of the Christ.

What Can Heal Our Sick Society?

BY ROLLAND W. SCHLOERB

Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Matthew 6:10.

THIS prayer is on the lips of thousands of people today. For them it expresses a longing for a world which shall be built in its social relationships upon the principles of justice and love. Not alone in some distant sphere do many modern Christians desire to have God's will done. They would like to see the present world of mankind brought into harmony with the laws of God.

Such a prayer is easily uttered with the lips. It is not so easy to pray it with the faith that it will come to pass. For we live in an age of disillusionment. Many are in doubt with regard to the possibility of building a world which might be called, in the words of Josiah Royce, "a Beloved Community." We thought that we could create a world in which neighborliness would be followed by a spirit of brotherhood. But we are far from the realization of that dream. We are disillusioned.

The Advantages of Disillusionment

Disillusionment does not bring pleasant feelings. But it has its own values. It points out the evils of the kind of attitudes we had been taking. It frees us from the illusory world in which we had been living. One doesn't become disillusioned if he refuses to open his eyes to the reality of the scene around him. He sees only what he wants to see. He refuses to give heed to

the way in which the other half lives. He can shout "All's well," because he refuses to recognize what is ill. Such an attitude cannot last. Sooner or later the facts will insists upon being heard. Disillusionment follows, but its advantages are obvious.

Disillusioned people are individuals who had high expectations. They might have prevented their disillusionment if they had kept their ideals on a level with their accomplishments. A boy who had been fishing was asked what luck he had had. He replied: "I didn't get as many as I thought I would, but I didn't expect to." He could hardly become a disillusioned fisherman. His ideal was down on a level with his achievements. Against such an easy acceptance of present attainment an age of disillusionment rebels.

It is even more impatient with people who live in a world of dreams. They may be beautiful dreams. They may be enshrined in the most sacred hymn or creed. But if they cannot be pressed into service in the world of every day, an age of disillusionment wants little to do with them.

We can praise an age of disillusionment for these values. It is a time when people look at the world as it really is. They see anew the injustices in it. They see the selfishness which directs our social relationships. They see some of the difficulties which are brought about by our complex society. They cannot call evil good. With all of their realism, they will not give up their idealism. For them, something better ought to be. Yet the great gulf between the world as it is and the world as they believe it ought to be makes it no easy task to pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

Disillusionment and Religion

This attitude has done something to religion. It has driven people to an intensely personal or individualistic salvation. The world cannot be saved. The best we can do is to save ourselves from it. If the Kingdom is to come, it must come by some catastrophic act of God. Meanwhile religious individuals must turn to a new asceticism—separation from the world. We are sure that our society is sick. It is sick unto death. Let it die! We will find our salvation in another world. So some have ceased to press the service of religion for the healing of our sick society.

Others have not been willing to give up the hope of a better world of human relationships. For them there are still unrealized possibilities for building a world in which justice and love shall play an ever-increasing role. In fact, they believe that a day of disillusionment may find us nearer the realization of that ideal than a day of apparent prosperity built upon unreality and injustice. Therefore with their prayer they seek an answer to the question, "What can heal our sick society?"

The part which any one person can do to heal our sick society may be very small. Yet we can make a beginning as individuals. Some of the sickness of our society is due to the dishonesty, the selfishness, the greed of individuals. We cannot call it only a social situation. The fact is that many have taken what does not belong to them, many have been untrustworthy stewards of what be
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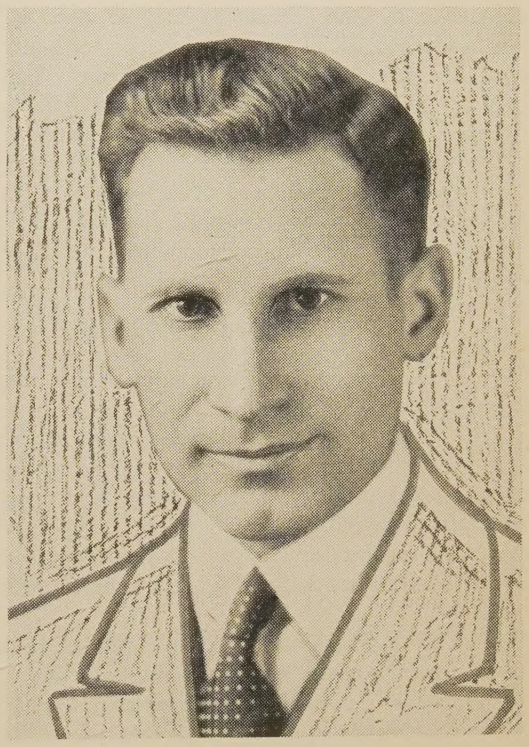
spirit of dishonesty and hunger for quick and easy profits. But that is not the end of the matter. Jesus surely did not commend waiting until a thing became popular before adopting it. He did not wait to die on a cross until it became "the thing to do." That might be the time not to do it. One might give his



ROLLAND W. SCHLOERB

body to be burned because it conformed to accepted standards and yet that act might profit nothing.

From the viewpoint of social manipulation it is wise to use the strategy of changing the patterns of recognition and success. But the appeal of Jesus is to be honest and to be just even though it is not the custom so to do. For him there is always a higher recognition to be sought beyond being well spoken of among men.

A start can be made in this difficult undertaking. It will be no easy thing to make our way through the maze of our rationalizations to the fundamental motives which drive us. Yet we can begin by praying an old prayer: "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me."

The Need for Imagination

If our sick society is to be healed, imagination will be needed. The only way in which we can be just to another person is to imagine ourselves in his place.

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the fabric of railroad. Newton tells of an incident which happened in Virginia some years ago. Interests in the little community were amounts, and when a neighbor's ceive had been lost, every one joined in the search. An idiot boy brought the horse home. When asked how he found her, he answered: "I said to myself, suppose you was a horse, whar would you go? Then I went thar and found her."

In our individual dealings such imagination is difficult enough. We do not find it easy to put ourselves in the place of another person. But it is far more difficult in the case of classes. The man who must discharge an employe who has worked for him over a long period of time feels deeply the other man's plight. But a director who votes to discharge a thousand men from a corporation finds it difficult to imagine what is happening to the victims of this decision. The soldier who meets an enemy face to face can rid himself of his hatred far more quickly than the civilian who thinks of the enemy in caricature from a great distance.

Whatever can bridge these chasms between classes in society can help to heal it. All messengers of understanding between groups can build the basis for some social imagination. Such interchange becomes absolutely essential for the healthy functioning of our society.

Information About Our Society

Our sick society needs information. People may be well meaning but they do not know the facts about the world in which they live. Social groups are easily swayed by slogans and by appeals to their self-assertive impulses. Most of us feel that our society is too big for us to understand it. Each of us feels that his part is so small that it is futile to try to learn anything about it. Our civilization has become a Frankenstein beyond our control.

In spite of the hugeness of the task, efforts are being made to understand the social trends of our day. And every one who is praying the prayer that God's will might be done on earth, must want to extend his knowledge of the society in which he is living. One can discover a genuine interest on the part of many people in studies which are made of the family, of government, of education. Behind this interest lies the conviction that one can hardly hope to heal until he has diagnosed the disease.

A society in which egoistic impulses dominate individuals and groups has little hope for health. It needs spirituality of the kind which Henry Van Dusen indicates in a recent book: "Thinking beings rise to the level of spirit when the motives of self-gratification and self-advance give place to a devotion to ends which are recognized as good entirely apart from selfish interests, a devotion to 'values'." Anything which can help us to use the power which has been acquired for ends beyond mere self-gratification, will help to heal our sick society.

Religion has tried to develop that motive in individuals and in groups. Jesus talked to his friends about the motives which should guide them. Among others there was the disposition to lord it over one another. Each one was intent upon imposing his will upon another. It was not to be so among them. They were to find their highest satisfaction in their concern for the good of the whole. Religion tries to fan into flame all such capacities for altruistic action among men.

All Forces Needed

The achievement of a redeemed society is an enormous task. Some believe that it is beyond the possibility of realization. Dr. Niebuhr, in his book, "Moral Man and Immoral Society," has pointed out some of the difficulties. He questions whether groups will ever develop sufficient imagination to see each other's viewpoint. He doubts that education will help very much, because groups are governed more by emotion and egoistic impulses than by reason. They use reason to justify their action. Good will can only alleviate—it cannot cure. He believes that probably force and conflict will always have a part in the struggle between classes, and that they will be the ultimate determining fact in group relationships.

One is convinced that the healing of our sick society is extremely difficult. No specialist can cure it. It requires a consultation of all. The very difficulty of the task may help us to reach out to others for help. Religion cannot say to education, "I have no need of thee." Science cannot say to religion, "I have no need of thee." In this task nothing less than the cooperation of all who seek its realization with each other and with God can hope to bring it to pass.

How shall Thy Kingdom come, O Lord?
Not by, "Lo Here!", "Lo There!"
The wise, the kind, with one accord
Must work with Thee in struggling toward
Its coming everywhere.

A World of Persons

BY DOUGLAS HORTON

Think not that I am come to destroy the law. . . . I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. Matthew 5:17.

IT IS SOBERING to think that we each belong, or shall one day belong, to one of two groups of people—groups distinguishable by what they think of life.

To some people, life seems good. They have drunk deep from it and have found it, for all its surface bitterness, sweet. They have discovered that there is a real Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we may. They are able to say with a very modern poet:

I know my God to be—
What He knows me to be—
Alive.

Have you never wrestled with Him,
Never felt the muscle of His arm
In wind or tide or mountain-steep?
Never striving drawn strength from Him?

Have you never matched minds with Him,
Never searched His secret in atom or in star,
Never known the pain of infinite thinking?

Have you never been still,
Never been aware, before Him,
As He breathed an ideal
In on your soul?

Go to your God:
Ask Him to come to you
Alive.

If you can sing such a song you belong to a delightful company.

There is, however, another group who must say: "No, life has not, on the whole, been gracious to me. My memories, when boiled down, are not pleasant. I should be glad to turn away from them. The sum of my past is bitterness."

Bitterness may be too strong a word to describe the state of those among this group who do not know exactly why they are unhappy. There is doubtless a large number of people who carry about with them a sense of something not quite right, though why they should be thus burdened they cannot say. They would be willing, though the motive for their distress might be different, to let the words of Coleridge as he looked at the sea stand for their own:

> I feel a pleasure upon me, and I am, to the outward view, cheerful, and have myself no distinct consciousness of the contrary, for I use my faculties . . . freely. But, oh, I am never happy, never deeply gladdened. I know not—I have forgotten—what the *joy* is of which the heart is full, as of a deep and quiet fountain overflowing insensibly, or the gladness of joy, when the fountain flows ebullient.

Such people, though they cannot explain it, feel that life has not yielded the rewards and values they might fairly have expected it would. They suspect there is a secret about it they have not learned.

The interesting point about such as I have in mind is that they are *good* people. In reviewing the events of his past, there is not a man of them but must say, if he is fair to himself, that he has been a decent citizen. He has established and confirmed in himself, the best of good habits—and yet there is no glow about his life.

Living According to "Law"

And it is just here that we may locate the probable source of the spiritual *malaise.* Though that person has been living according to the law, the good moral law, it is likely to have been a law unfulfilled in the way Christ suggested it should be. That man might be profited by reading President J. Edgar Park's book of ten years ago, now unhappily out of print, which bears a title characteristic of the author's wit, "The Bad Results of Good Habits," in which he explains, at least in part, why it is that even the more excellent virtues of the moral law, like conscientiousness, diligence and cheerfulness, sometimes leave in their train not joy and contentment, but dullness, drabness, lifelessness.

Dr. Park points out that conscientious people are generally hated. "We all know those prim people who draw themselves up and purse their lips together and say, 'Well, I don't like saying it, but I feel it my duty to say,' and then with a gesture of the hand seem to break the film of ice on top of an invisible pail of water and throw it all over the project at issue and down the back of every one present." They are those who want the millennium left with the morning milk, and are in a constant state of peevishness because it is not.

I am not implying that your virtue will be of this spinsterish variety, but there is a principle involved here which touches us all. There is something about conscience for conscience' sake which leaves souls dry and unrefreshed.

"Diligence," it is similarly pointed out, "is the preeminent American virtue. Its bad results are apparent to all visitors to the States. Life there demands that you fill every moment; read the paper on the cars hanging on the strap; get up and stand in the aisle five minutes before you get to the station. The great thing is to be doing something all the time; it does not matter so much what you are doing. This one good custom has corrupted the world." In such surroundings there is little opportunity to stop and enjoy what life offers. Everything becomes a means to an end, and that end is diligence—nothing more. The woods are good because you can cut them down and make buildings out of them. Buildings are good because you can sell them for money. Money is good because you can make it earn more money.

Pollyanna Cheerfulness

But you never get there. In a sense all your industry goes for naught, for if the chief value of everything you acquire is that it is a means to acquiring something else, a real end is never reached. Diligence for diligence' sake is a dry wind that keeps agitating the soul, but leaves it parched and incapable of sustaining anything permanently.

It would seem that cheerfulness, of all the virtues, should be most blessed in results. But what is the case? There is a certain type of professional Pollyanna who sends a cold wave up and down the several spines of all the people he meets. When we see him coming we want to take the wings of a dove and fly away—anywhere. He is that clerk behind the counter who is glad to see you, not because he is glad to see you, but because it is his business to be glad to see you. I have sometimes imagined him, after taking off his necktie at night, reaching up and pulling off his smile as well, leaving it to hang over the back of a chair until he has put it on again in the morning. I would not suggest that when you see over a man's desk the motto, "Keep Smiling," or "Don't Worry," or something of the sort, you put him down as a wife-beater, a Dr. Jekyll, or the guilty harborer of some secret sin, but there is a truth here, none the less, that will bear remembering.

Cheerfulness for cheerfulness' sake is a delusion. Its results condemn it utterly.

And so it is with morality as a whole. How often we hear university students say: "What more do you want, if a man is morally decent? Isn't that the great end in life? Why all this supernaturalism? What is the necessity for religion?" They are not old enough to have found out that when one starts out to build character for its own sake, character is the last thing they come to. I have heard of a short-cut in this process: I have heard of a school of psychologists who teach that one may build himself up in the inner man by repeating the "affirmation" at certain times during the day, "I am a radiant personality; I am a radiant personality; I am a radiant personality!" My friend, you are likely to be a radiant bore when you come to try out your own new personality on your friends. There is no acquiring the indefinable something by that means—or indeed by any direct means, whether they be short-cuts or no.

The Man Who "Fails"

Before we attempt to suggest what is wrong with the moralities, practiced for their own sakes, let us go on to consider briefly another class of people to whom life is unhappy. These are they who suffer from no haziness of motive: they can point out clearly the experience which was the fountainhead of their bitterness. Life has failed them because they failed. Their story is definite—as definite as the point of a dagger—and the point of a dagger is exactly what it is to them.

The story of one man may be that he was in business and in line for promotion. But the promotion did not come. It went to another man. Only one suitor can be successful. Whose fault was it? In this case the man knows. His work was slipshod at this point and that. An order that should have been secured was forfeited by what can be described only as carelessness. And when an opportunity offered for him to show the heads of the business what he had in mind as the firm's best policy, he found himself tongue-tied and unconvincing. In fine, he lost the job.

Or let us say that the story is that there has been difficulty at home. The household has not been harmonious. There has been a jarring and a jangling. His wife has done what she could, in her wise or unwise way, for the children. But they have been growing into full-blown problems. His wife has at least been wise enough to isolate and now expresses herself on one of the causes of the present situation: where was he when the children were passing through their formative earlier years? He was virtually living at his office, or eating hasty meals with similarly single-tracked men in restaurants near by. The children of his family did not know him so well as his business associates or even some of his business rivals. Now what is in prospect? The reaping of the whirlwind—the wind being well sown.

Such may or may not be the story of a man's difficulty, but in any event the result is the same. The sleeplessness! The walking the floor! The tossing on the bed! The insufferable doggedness of consciousness! If he could only get away from his own mind! If only he could dismiss that set of possibilities that regularly, with relentless sameness, make their round-dance in his brain, lighting fires as they go, until the poor head burns and burns and only burns! That man knows what Lammenais meant when he wrote: "Problem to solve: to accumulate in a given time the greatest sum of evils possible. Answer to problem: human life." He knows what Paul of Tarsus meant when he exclaimed, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

How are these people to be extricated from the situation in which they are living? It is essentially the

DOUGLAS HORTON

same difficulty both in the case of those who cannot and those who can name the cause of their trouble. There is a want of what Christ expressed in the idea of the law fulfilled, in distinction to the moral law standing as mere law. *The secret for these people is to be graduated from a world in which mere principles reign, into a world of persons.*

Those who shrivel into a mere complex of moral habits mechanize the whole world around about them. Other people, instead of being taken for the immortal souls that they are, become mere *things* over which one's ethical system is imposed. However good the habits may be and however excellent the system of living that follows from them, they do not do justice to other persons as persons. One's surroundings harden into ethical machinery in which souls cannot be free.

On the other hand, when one recognizes that the matters of first moment in this life are persons and that even the virtues are secondary, then the virtues fall into proper and not unimportant place.

Conscientiousness, rightly understood, is a by-product. It is not a goal to be striven for, but a quality of character which one acquires as a concomitant of loyalty to persons. If you are loyal to your family, you will not lead the life of a Lothario or a spendthrift. You will be conscientious; and there is joy in that kind of conscientiousness which is the perpetual reflection of a deep love.

Diligence, similarly, is nothing if undertaken for its own. But when it is a means of showing our regard for the persons committed to our care, it is everything.

So also cheerfulness: when it is itself, it is always an accompaniment of a person-to-person relationship. It is not the flower of life: it is the fragrance of the flower.

God the Most Loving of Persons

Now it follows that if the *whole* of life is to have this quality of overflow, and inspire every *part* of life, it must primarily be a give-and-take with the great person of God. If cheerfulness and the other virtues are not to be mere temporalities, here today and gone tomorrow, they must take their rise from the deep substructure of things. In the long last there is no hope for a world of persons unless the world is presided over by a Person who is interested in keeping it safe for persons. I do not know how it happens—that is, I do not know the physics and chemistry of it—but I know that it does happen, that when one regularly occupies his mind with the thought of God, the most loving of all persons, a change comes over his outlook on life. He begins to see life in terms of soul. People, the children of God, created in his own image, whom he loves, for whom Christ came—these become the focal points of infinite significance. A man who knows God going into the slums does not see uninterrupted darkness, from which he escapes as soon as possible: everywhere he sees luminous figures which fill him with strange enchantment and longing: immortal souls! Fellow-travelers on the eternal journey!

Oft when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and the truth lies bare:
Desert or throng, the city or the river,
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.
Only like *souls* I see the folk thereunder . . .

One who knows the person of God begins to live in a world of persons.

Those who are no more than a set of habits not only wrong and misinterpret the people all around them, they vitiate their own selves. No man dare make habit king: one dare not strike an equality between his own free personality and any sum of moral characteristics, however good they may be.

This is the consideration which avails for the man who feels that life has gone sour and knows the reason why. It is evident that habitual thoughts are the emperors of his mind. He needs, as the psychologists would say, an "integration," which would draw and keep him out of himself. But how will he thus liberate his mind?

You Belong to God!

There is no relationship so powerful to relegate mental habits to their proper place as one's relationship with God. It is to him and not to your habits that you really belong. When you recognize this you have in your hand an instrument of personal achievement. When at sleeptime the old images return, the old memories, the old dragons of failure, and say to you, "You are ours!"—you can respond, "I am *not* yours! I am God's, for he created me and has a destiny for me. You can create nothing, you simply perpetuate trouble. But God creates: 'Behold, I make all things new!' He will make new life for me, for I am his."

Powerful secrets that have slumbered within you will then awake. Light will rise in your darkness and make your darkness day. Life will regain its zest. You will take your stand among those who are able to say:

I know my God to be—
What He knows me to be—
Alive.

Have you never wrestled with Him,
Never felt the muscle of His arm
In wind or tide or mountain-steep?
Never striving drawn strength from Him?

Have you never matched minds with Him,
Never searched His secret in atom or in star,
Never known the pain of infinite thinking?

Have you never been still,
Never been aware, before Him,
As He breathed an ideal
In on your soul?

Go to your God:
Ask Him to come to you
Alive.

To Our Forefathers

YOU who have handed us life's torch, new kindled,
We are your own, in us you live again.
Oh, may we prove your influence has not dwindled,
That earth holds yet a sturdy race of men!

You who have given us all that we now cherish—
Life, and the gracious gifts that living brings—
Amid the trivial things that daily perish,
Your spirit lifts us up to fairer things.

We are your children—citizens or sages,
Sharing your race, your likeness, thought and aim:
Guarding life's spark, to hand it down the ages,
And make earth somehow fairer that we came.

The swift years pass. Yet how should we forget you,
Long gone before us, journeying on ahead?
We mold the eager dreams you left unfinished,
Ere we must follow you whom men call dead.

God, make us worthy of the lives that shaped us!
May our work stand when we have gone our way:
When, in the far-off years we shall not enter,
Our children's children keep a hero's day.

FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET.

The Christian's Declaration of Independence

BY HENRY S. LEIPER

Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's. Matthew 22:21.

WE celebrate the Declaration of Independence by which our American founders established in principle the nation which we have inherited. I propose that instead of repeating familiar praise of them and their work we take these things for granted and ask ourselves rather: have we the same power of thoughtful analysis and courageous action they displayed in making their declaration?

How and why and from what does the Christian patriot of today declare his independence? What is the relationship of his two great loyalties—that to God and that to the state? Is the one independence he boasts political? Or does he claim religious independence as well? In case of conflicting loyalties, what is the Christian duty?

I suggest that we have in the background for all of our thinking on this problem those familiar words of Jesus: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's."

I

If we are to be intelligent and not support Henry Ford's view that "history is bunk," we would better begin with a reminder of the varied answers of the church to such questions. In the first three centuries after Christ, to be a follower of him almost inevitably meant that one was compelled to declare independence of the state at many points. Rome dominated. It demanded worship of the emperor. The Christian refused. It conscripted citizens and sent them as soldiers to fight, not for justice, but for conquest. The Christian refused so to fight. His declaration of independence was often sealed with his blood.

Then Constantine saw the possibilities of assimilating two powerful ideas and reconciling two passionate loyalties. Worship of God and of the state were to be one and the same. He made Christianity the state religion. The emperor was God's representative. Now the Christian faced a different situation. Had the state been completely and truly Christianized, his troubles with conflicting loyalties might have been ended.

Even today, if there were only one country in the world, and if its government were actually Christian, there might be no dilemma of church and state duties. What is God's and what is Caesar's would blend; patriotism and religious convictions would be one.

Of course, this ideal did not work under Constantine. Yet because of its fascination it has been tried again and again since his day. It was tried in England, and in theory is still being tried, although the established church enrols only about ten per cent of the citizens.

Curiously enough, the compulsion of the old ideal of a theocracy—a God-inspired and religiously constituted state—led the Pilgrim fathers, through the Mayflower compact and later acts, to try on their own account the complete unification of church and state. They wished to worship according to the dictates of their own consciences and were soon "worshiping their own dictates"—likewise compelling others to do the same by an application of stocks *as* bonds. No one could vote who was not a member of the church. In Maryland it was a capital offence to deny the Trinity. And to this day, unknown to most of us, there remain on the statute books of some of our states laws definitely connecting church and state.

Protestants Lack a Clear Policy

But whereas the old danger was that the state would be dominated by the church, the present danger is just the reverse—so difficult is the achievement of real independence between the two. The difficulty may be due in part to the failure of the Protestant churches to have any clear policy. The Roman Catholic church has a declared policy. The state, it says, must be dominated by the church. But this ideal is not carried out in countries where the Roman church is in the minority, and difficulty has arisen over it in Mexico, Spain, and Italy where the Roman church enrols large majorities. Confusion of thought among Protestants shows frequently. When a church body, denominational or interdenominational, proposes to take some action which certain of its members do not like, they and their sympathizers outside of the church cry loudly that such an action is a violation of the principle of the separation of church and state. When these same people happen to want some other action quite as clearly having to do with the relations of church and state, they find no difficulty in enlisting the aid of the church. They say then that they are merely applying the principle of religious freedom!

The history of Christendom and contemporary experience show both that complete religious freedom is fanaticism and that complete state domination is just as impractical and dangerous. Some adjustment and accommodation of conflicting loyalties is demanded.

What shall guide the modern Christian in resolving the conflict of loyalties he inevitably faces?

Before I offer for your consideration certain conclusions, may I suggest a further look, not at past history, but at present relevant facts?

Individual Conscience vs. Institutions

To begin with: both church and state are composed of individuals—many of whom, though not all, are the same individuals. In America more than forty per cent of the citizens are church members. The only ultimate values we know, " the only ends we humanly strive for, are those which in the last resort are realized by and in individuals." *Here is the basic and abiding individualism of America.* We do not accept the French, the Russian, the Japanese, or the Hitlerite idea of the state. The state for us has and can have no conscience apart from the consciences of the multitudes of persons who compose it. If the majority of them do not recognize

Christian standards in relation to the conduct of the state, it is obvious that the voice of the people is not the voice of God.

On this point I find that Walter Lippman has something significant to say. Listen to his ominous words: "What is most wrong with the world is that the democracy which at last is actually in power, is a creature of the immediate moment. With no authority above it, with no religious, political, or moral convictions which control its opinions, it is without coherence and purpose."

II

But if, from the American point of view, the modern state has no soul—even in theory—apart from the collective souls which constitute it, much the same can be said about the church as a visible institution. It is an organization, fallible and human; although its ideal is divine. It is divided in the United States into at least a dozen major divisions, not to mention the scores of lesser divisions. No body of church officials can be trusted with the power implied in the Roman Catholic ideal, however worthy may be their aim. And no modern state will so trust them, as recent history in Mexico, Spain, and Italy, not to mention Russia, abundantly shows. Germany seems to be toying with the idea of trying to experiment in a new form. But it is fairly safe to predict that it will not work.

Sixty States — All Absolute

Yet again, note that the multiplicity and fallibility of the divisions within the church has its counterpart on the state side of the ledger. We find in the world not one state but more than sixty. In all of them the church exists—almost always as a minority although the 560,000,000 church members constitute the largest theoretically related group in the world. To all of these sixty states, made up of a majority of non-church people, church people of one sort or another are devoted as loyal citizens. In all of these lands the church is a national fellowship and at the same time, to some degree at least, part of an international fellowship. Each of the states calls itself absolute and claims to have all the sovereignty there is; although quite obviously complete sovereignty in an interdependent world could

A Pastoral Prayer

By Hugh Thomson Kerr

O Thou who art the refuge of Thy children in all generations, in communion with all who love Thee on earth and in heaven, we worship and adore Thee, the Father Everlasting.

For our country and for all nations we pray. Bless Thou the President of the United States and all who are associated with him in the responsibilities of government. May Thy grace and favor rest upon our land. May our first men be our best men. May those who make and administer the law be responsive to the Divine Law. Deepen the roots of our life in righteousness and may the work of righteousness be unto us and all mankind peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever.

For Thy church, purchased of old, we pray. For its testimony throughout the world we thank Thee. Bind Thy children of every race and name into a glorious fellowship of worship and service. Speak through Thy church the message of eternal life. Inspire Thy ministers to courageous and sacrificial witness, and may the music of the gospel be heard throughout the land. May it win men everywhere to the triumphant life in Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Thy children here and everywhere we pray. For all who are distressed in mind, body or estate; for all who toil and are weary; for all who seek work and are discouraged; for those who have and are not satisfied; for those who have not and are embittered; for those who deserve much and are unrewarded; for those who deserve little and are enriched; for parents who seek the welfare of their children; for children who seek to find their way where paths cross; for the aged who hear the doors close about them; for youth feeling out after life; for little children who whisper "Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear me"; for all friendless, homeless, wandering folk whom someone loves we lift our hearts unto thee, O God. Lord, lift upon us the light of Thy countenance and restore us to the joy of Thy salvation.

Remember in Thy love all who are in sickness, trouble or sorrow; especially those whose names we speak in Thy sacred presence. May Thy comfort make them strong. Remember all who are careless, drifting into sin, wandering from the light; take from them all blindness of heart and lead them in the way everlasting. Remember us all, O God, with our forgotten vows, our wasted purposes, our failure of faith, our lack of love, our denial of Thyself, our willingness to get on in life without Thee. Forgive our sins, wash our consciences, cleanse our minds, restore unto us the joy of fellowship with Thyself.

Thou, O God, art the Light and Life of Men, the strength and joy of them that live, the refuge and everlasting home of the blessed dead. We remember in this sacred hour all those whom we have loved and lost. May we live in fellowship with them, rejoicing in the love that never fails and in the life that opens into everlasting joy and felicity. Open our eyes to see the invisible, open our ears to hear Thy voice, open our hearts to receive Thee. In Thee, O Lord, have we trusted. Let us never be confounded. And unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Savior, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

only belong to one or to all in combination. And to make the matter worse, many a church in these same lands claims all the spiritual sovereignty there is!

"If the other planets are inhabited the world must be the mad-house of the universe," as a British writer has remarked in another connection!

How shall the thoughtful, fact-minded, conscientious, and patriotic Christian face a situation such as that? Curiously enough, some men are saying in effect: withdraw from the attempt to alter the situation. Build an ivory tower and bury yourself in contemplation.

Some are counseling a revolt against Caesar; some a revolt against all organized religion; some against both politics and religion *in toto*.

Luther's Idea—and Jesus's

Facing a somewhat similar problem Luther said in effect: "You can adjust yourself by recognizing two kinds of morality: moral and private. The former is guided by political considerations; the latter by spiritual. The two must be kept apart. The Christian will regard the church as pertaining to the unseen world: he will not, through the church, seek to Christianize society or government." Calvin, on the other hand, said: "There is only one kind of morality. One supreme law governs all. The duty of the church is to see that the state is Christianized. Then public and private duties will harmonize."

Jesus had the same problem before him, in essence. We know what his answer was. He favored neither monasticism nor anarchy nor extreme individualism of any other sort. He recognized the necessity for discrimination, with loyalty to the religious ideal always dominant but never exclusive.

We are following Jesus, then, when we seek through the churches in the United States to make the state Christian in its outlook and conduct while keeping it independent of the church. Far as we are from the realization of that ideal, we have moved a long way toward it, as any fair minded analysis of our national history will show. One thing that prevents our moving faster at the present time in that direction is violent and intemperate nationalism—a plague which is raging in all the world.

Reasonless Nationalism

There are victims of this plague in every land who regard the Christian as a menace because he has an international or super-national loyalty, in addition to his national loyalty. Their logic is like that of the man who thinks his wife untrue to her own family if she shows any vital interest in the general welfare of her community or seeks to share public responsibilities toward the betterment of the neighborhood.

Let me illustrate some of the extremes to which nationalism goes. One summer when I was in Korea I discovered that the Korean Christians—whom Will Rogers tells us are Japan's chosen people—were forbidden to sing songs such as "Onward Christian Soldiers" or "O, Worship the King." The Japanese officials thought that the sentiments expressed were revolutionary. The same psychology has been at work in China, where to be a Christian is to be considered by many disloyal to the nation.

In a Sunday school near my home a Ku Klux Klan pastor not long ago boasted of how the children were taught patriotism. When the lesson was on Noah's ark the little ones were given cardboard cut-outs of the ark and each one had a little silk American flag one inch high to fly on the ark!

Again, in Manchuria, one sees Christianity nationalized more seriously. The Japanese Christians in Manchuria have recently made an appeal for the Chinese

Henry S. Leiper

Christians there. They say: "These Chinese Christians, though in great distress, will feel happy when they become aware of the fact that they are now the citizens of a new state. Japanese Christians in Manchuria, believing that (they) may become the nucleus of the spiritual forces of the new state still in the making, are very anxious to work hand in hand with them in order to restore mutual understanding and good will, which at present seem to be destroyed between the two peoples."

Japan and China

The Japanese Christians quite overlook the ruthless violence with which their military has acted in Manchuria; or the fact that Manchuria has already a density of population twice that of the United States; or that 28,000,000 Chinese do not relish the idea of being governed by 240,000 Japanese. To the Chinese, and to at least some of us, they seem to have substituted the

things that are Caesar's for the things that are God's! Before we condemn them, however, let us remember two things: one is that they have had many lessons in this same sort of reasoning (assuming their nation's action is right). The second is that if they oppose the action of their government, as some of them have done, they are threatened with death by patriots who believe that the state can do no wrong.

Conscience and War

Precisely the same underlying struggle with nationalism is revealed in the Macintosh case in the United States. When Professor Macintosh sought naturalization he was rejected, as you know. It was not because he took the position of the early Christians, or of tens of thousands of modern Christians—that war under any and all circumstances is unchristian. All he said was that he would bear arms only if the cause seemed to him morally justified. In other words, he refuses to hand over his moral independence to Caesar. That, he thinks, is God's.

Now note that despite the refusal of Lincoln to support the Mexican war, and the dissent of other leading Americans in times past from certain warlike actions of congress, the action of the supreme court—or rather the principle of the naturalization law on which it was based—finds hearty support among many church people. What they are unconsciously doing is putting country deliberately before God—unless, perchance, they have managed in their own thinking to identify God completely with one country. I wonder if any such have ever been guilty of laughing at Naaman who said, "There is no God in all the earth but in Israel," and who therefore when he went outside of God's country thought it necessary to carry some of its soil with him that he might not be cut off from its God. So far as I can see, they have no right to laugh at him. Their philosophy is the same.

What would you have done in Professor Macintosh's place? Knowing, as you must, that in the long past there have been selfish, unjust, commercial wars—Lincoln himself said the war with Mexico was that kind—are you willing to assume that no unjust war could ever win the support of the American congress? I have not found such faith, no not in Israel!

Your Part

Are you doing anything toward getting the naturalization laws changed so that men of the stamp of Macintosh can be admitted? Is there any more obvious place in which to apply the ideal of Christianizing our land? For, mistake not the situation: Jesus himself could not now be admitted to citizenship although we like to think of him as the Lord of our nation's life.

And what about the other manifestation of virulent nationalism in our beloved land—the pressure for compulsory military training in the schools (with $230,000 of the taxpayers' money spent in a year at Ohio State University alone for this purpose); the suppression of free speech, the obliteration of liberty as in Harlan county, Kentucky; the attempts of the war department to dominate the schools? What things belong to Caesar and what to God? Are you trying to determine that for yourself, and to act accordingly?

Seven Principles of Loyalty

We were asking a few moments ago whether there were any guiding principles in this conflict of loyalties which confront, and sometimes confound, the Christian patriot. Based on some of the considerations we have noted, I submit seven:

First: The Christian conscience cannot blindly endorse any and all policies of the state. It is as absurd to suppose that a democracy can do no wrong as to suppose that a king can do no wrong!

Second: The Christian is eternally bound to do what is right even if his conscience brings him into conflict with the state.

Third: The Christian must seek to determine what is right and what is wrong for the state as for himself, by an honest facing of all the facts. He will earnestly and prayerfully guard himself from mere mob thinking and from the effects of manipulated propaganda. He will not pray for guidance as did the old Scot who said: "O Lord, in what I am about to do may I be in accord with thy will, for, O Lord, I be very determined."

Fourth: The Christian's loyalty to his country is second only to his loyalty to God. He must exercise his citizenship.

Fifth: The Christian should make his church a moral and spiritual educational force in the guidance of the nation's policy. But the church must not seek to control the state. If the state seeks to control it, it must resist or dissolve as an organization rather than deny its Master by stultifying its conscience.

Sixth: The Christian must be willing to suffer rather than to violate his conscience at the command of the state. He cannot dissolve or evaporate. He must not turn his hand in violence against the state even though he may suffer violence at its hands, as he tries to apply his Christian ideals and to Christianize the policy of the state.

Seventh: The Christian will act and think as a world-citizen in the highest spiritual sense and not as a narrow nationalist. The universal character of Christianity is basic; its internationalism indefeasible.

The Supreme Patriot

That I believe must be the Christian American's Declaration of Independence.

It does not differ from the point of view of the founders of the nation. It does not lessen patriotism. On the contrary, the man or woman who holds such principles constitutes the supreme patriot. By such patriotism alone can the narrow, stultifying, blindly selfish nationalisms that are suffocating the world be overcome.

May each of us renew this day allegiance to God and to country: seeking from God that wisdom which shall make our national independence a glorious witness to the reality of the faith that is in us! So shall we know how best to serve the Kingdom of God and the Republic of the United States of America in the coming years of its life.

Man's Second Chance

By George Lawrence Parker

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. John 3:3.

THESE words of Jesus have haunted the religious mind of mankind ever since he spoke them. In spite of their mystery, men have instinctively felt that some great truth lay hidden here. Like the dim and fading incense that floats up into the distant ceiling and rafters of a cathedral, yet never losing the atmosphere of the altar from whence it started, so these words have floated in the minds of men, never losing the atmosphere of fundamental truth. Men feel their truth, even though they cannot grasp it. History shows that all religions have a teaching akin to this statement of Jesus; no world religion exists that does not embody the basic idea of a change; a rebirth, a conversion.

More striking still is the fact that modern psychology has rediscovered these words, rediscovered the scientific basis on which they rest, uncovered the soil of human nature only to find it actually demanding the rebirth. Here in America the work of two men in this field of study stands out. Prof. Edwin D. Starbuck of the University of Iowa wrote over twenty years ago the path-breaking book, "Religious Phenomena in Personal Life." After him, and using much of his material, came Prof. William James of Harvard with his great book, "Varieties of Religious Experience." These men did not ask the how or why, or the philosophy of religious experience; they simply took actual verified cases and told their full story; they used what is known as "the case system." After them, in England, came Harold Begbie, the journalist, with his book, "Twice Born Men"—a collection of known men and women from the London slums whose life histories turned on the fact of a great change, an inner change of life that altered and reshaped their whole nature, character, ideals, and daily conduct.

So we have religion, history, and modern psychology all bearing witness to the truth of this thing called "rebirth"; bearing witness to a truth that is clear and verified even though wrapped in mystery.

Twice-Born Men

As a young boy, it was my privilege to work for several years in "slum-missions" (so-called) in my native city and elsewhere. I saw and knew men and women who were "born again." Their recreated lives left no doubt of the fact. From long experience in drunkenness, gambling, and prostitution, these men and women were lifted by mighty upheavals into beautiful, sane, clean, serviceable, social, and happy lives. After being flung off the wheel of human society's contacts and progress and integrity, after being thrown on the dump-heap of failure and shame, they came back, through a mighty change, to unite themselves once more with the best ideals and the ordered life of our human brotherhood. I would not exchange my experience with these men and women for any price I know. "Except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God" was to them no theory but an actual living statement, true and tested in and by their own lives. They lived by it; they were ready to die by its unfailing light.

But, now, here is a strange thing; and here is where we must shift the scene on which we have held up these illustrations. It is easily granted by all of us that such lives need radical changing; such lives literally need to be reborn. Yes; well and good. But, in general, the class needing such rebirth is limited and restricted. We know that such men and women are the "abnormals" of society; they need this radical process of cataclysm of rebirth; that we freely grant; and, we are glad that this particular doctrine and provision is made to suit them. But, again, in general, the doctrine does not fit the "normals" of our human society. The decent man, the honestly moral men and women, the fairly clean sections of mankind do not so clearly need this doctrine of an earthquake in their nature, do not need the crisis of rebirth. It seems to many even an insult to ask or imagine the question, "Have you been born again?"

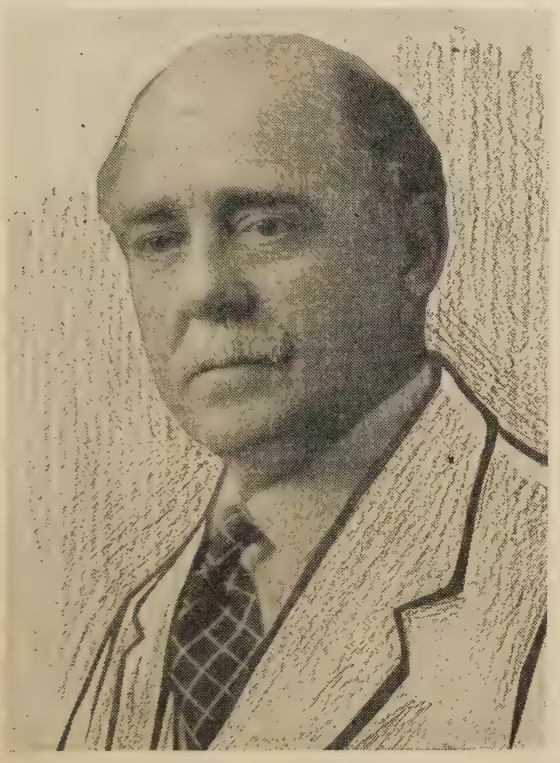
Class Distinction

If we are to think clearly on the matter, we must get rid of this sense of class distinction, or this distinction between "normal" and "abnormal," this distinction between the wheel of respectable social living and the "dump-heap" of "cast-offs."

And the very first and most surprising thing in the scene between Nicodemus and Jesus is this very fact, that this distinction does not appear at all. Jesus' famous words, "Ye must be born again," were spoken not to a cast-off, not to a drunkard, not to a licentious man. On the contrary, they were spoken to a religious leader, to a social leader, to a thinker, to a scholar, to an intellectual guide and teacher. Nicodemus did not come to Jesus and say that his life was broken and destroyed by sin, by public shame and disgrace. No such thing! He came not to confess sin and be healed, but he came to argue philosophically and wisely about God and truth; that was Nicodemus' home base. His very first words were a theoretical and philosophical statement that he knew exactly the source of Jesus' teaching and power. "We know," he said, "that thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that thou doest except God be with him." Very plain, is it not, that Nicodemus came with a fully-completed idea and system about God, an unquestioned philosophy and acceptable tradition about God, a knowledge of God that was quite perfect and standardized; no holes nor flaws in it. The infallibility of the pope and the unyielding dogmas of Protestantism are not one bit more infallible than the self-sufficient knowledge of Nicodemus. "We know," he said, "all there is to know about God; and according to our knowledge there are some questions I wish to ask you, Jesus; there are some places I want cleared up in your teaching, some spots and flaws in your ideas about religion that don't square with our assured knowledge."

Like so many men, Nicodemus had his "ifs" and "ands" and "buts"; and until they were satisfied he could not face the facts, could not grasp the simple plain truth. "We know you come from God, but" . . .

Now, isn't it plain that we have here the whole matter, the whole idea of religion, removed from the field of practiced sin, from the field of shameful and disgraceful evil, from the field of pathetic human evil, into the intellectual sphere, into the field of thought, into the mental operations of our consciousness? It seems clear to me at least that such is the case. Nicodemus was going on with his philosophical "ifs" and "buts" and "ands," into that problem so thick about



George Lawrence Parker

us today, the problem of the nature and existence of God. This was plainly the intention of Nicodemus, the intellectual leader of the Jews.

But suddenly, with dramatic power, with quiet certainty, Jesus brings him down to earth. If we care to say so, Jesus immediately brings him down from the clouds to the soil, from the picture of God in the sky of reason to the picture of a baby in the cradle. In effect Jesus says: "Why, Nicodemus, what you think of God may be all very well indeed; but really the important matter is what you think of cradles and childbirth and human experience. If you don't think right about that, you cannot think anything about God that is important."

A Revolutionary Idea

It seems plain to me that Jesus here stated and started the greatest revolution in human thought that mankind has ever seen. Here he stated a connection between God and human life that is more than humanism; it is humanity and life itself. Look again at the sudden interruption Jesus made to Nicodemus' theoretical talk. Can we not put it this way: "Why, Nicodemus, you came here to measure me by your known standard of God; you have got God pigeonholed; and you want to cut off my corners and fit me into that pigeonhole. The fact is, I don't fit! The fact is that you are talking about the nature of God as a philosophical theory, whereas the thing I am talking about is the kingdom of God among men on the earth, here and now; I am talking about a social and sociable living society, a republic of daily conduct, a democracy of a special sort of human behavior. I am not talking of God's divine essence, but of how men and women can love each other, trust each other, be happy with each other, forgive each other, help and encourage and sustain each other. God's divine Being will take care of itself, but men's behavior is a kingdom of social spirit and action that needs constant attention and renewal.

Kingdom of God No Cloudland

"And further, Nicodemus, I say to you, that to enter into that kingdom, and to make it the clearing house of human action requires you to be reborn; out of the womb of all your theories, out of the matrix of your philosophy, you must come out into the soil of earth, into the ground of human behavior and conduct. This kingdom of God is no cloudland, but a place of homes where men and women live, where children are born, where money and business and art and commerce and science meet us every day; a place where the mass weight of these things gives rise to envy, hatred, jealousy, death, failure, and destruction unless filled with the right spirit. Among these the kingdom of God is or is not established; and just what the precise and defined nature of God is, is dependent on and displayed by the qualities of God working on and in these materials. To see this kingdom of God you and your theoretical ideas of God have got to be born over again!"

In all humility of my own mind, I reverently declare that this is what I personally read in these famous words of Jesus. And I know of no more keen insight, of no sharper wisdom, of no more piercing truth to fact than that here wrapped up in Jesus' words. To limit this saying about rebirth to lives of personal failure, to apply them solely to weakness and sin in private living, to apply them solely to the unfortunate cast-offs of society is a narrowness these words will never submit to, even though their application there is both justified and curative.

Well, then, if all that I have said has in it any truth at all, will you proceed with me a moment further?

To be "born again" has suffered the same fate as all doctrines that are stored away in theological vaults and never planted in living soil. So these words, so fresh, so new, so like the pink skin of a new babe, have become shriveled and dead, yellow and dry, like the flesh of old age, like the sere and faded leaf of a tree in autumn. Men have learned to declare the second birth a doctrine of necessity; they grant that we *must*

be born again; it is a theological duty; a hard compulsion; it must be done! And with this feeling in their hearts, the hope, and comfort, and joy, and practical happiness, and glory of these words of Jesus have disappeared.

As a matter of fact, these are the most joyful words that ever fell from the lips of man! They shine with the new hope of dew on the grass; they are fragrant with the breath of a spring morning; they are as enthusiastic, and vigorous, and ambitious, and inspiring as the hopes of a newly married couple, or as the fresh inspiration of a man who has secured a new job, made a new fortune, painted at last his great picture, or written at last his one true poem.

Look definitely at what Jesus really says! What he really says is this: The great fact of human life is that you and I were born. Today many people are saying that they were born without obligation, or will, or consent of their own; hence, life can lay no obligation on them. A great many people, most of us, really never accept the primal fact that we actually were born into a world of men and women, all having equal rights with ourselves. We try our best to squirm and wriggle out of this bad tangle of the human family. We run away from our birth into it by individualism and self-seeking, and our cry is, "My will be done; this is my kingdom; let others do what they please, but I must assure my own throne."

The Joy of Mastery Over Self

As a matter of fact, this is natural. This is the actual result of mere human birth. From this flows all sorts of despair. We take the doctrine of heredity and we see that our chances really to be anybody are tragically small. We are the heirs of a long line of ancestors who by traits of their character, weakness, and evil, condemned us to failure before we ever got a start or a fair chance. Our immediate parents may be the very best people in the world, but back beyond two, or three, or four sets of ancestors, we don't know who we are. We know we came into life laden with handicaps. We protest against them all our lives. Our very humanity is burdened with the ancestral human failure; and here and there the tongs close on us individually and personally, and we say, "Oh, that I had never been born." Or we honestly say, "I could be a different person if I did not feel this hereditary handicap."

Take it in another way! Take it as applied really to each of us! Study the fact of being born exactly from the very dear and beloved parents from whom we actually came! Let no one think us cruel here. Let no one think me holding up our parents to scorn. Any and all parenthood has sacredness about it; and no one is true to himself who blames his parents for his own faults. But in the light of real fact, everyone of us knows that life often can only claim its own beauty by adjustment to our parents. There is struggle and conflict, sometimes more and sometimes less, in every true life, to reach our own status as human souls irrespective of our origin. It is no fault of mother and father, but it is none the less true that in most cases personality does not fully come into its own kingdom, into its kingdom of God, until we come to mastery separate from parents. In almost every case the boy and the girl literally must be born over again, into the larger family of humanity, into independent circumstances, into their own battlefield before any kingdom of God is possible for them. They must be "on their own"! Every true parent knows this. This is the majestic sacrifice and sacredness of all true parenthood.

Rebirth a Word of Freedom

My point is this: We have put a guilty feeling about this search for our selfhood. We have called ourselves traitors because we feel the need of "being born again"; we feel that we are untrue to our birth, our family, our tradition, and even untrue to our original selves. But it is just here that Jesus steps in and lifts the whole matter. In being born again, he says, you are no more untrue to your parents than a peach blossom is when it turns from a blossom into a peach. The law of growth, the law of life, compels the bud to become the ripened fruit. The law of growth and life compels the brook to become part of the river, it must leave its home in the lovely hills and flow with the river through barren field and low valleys to the sea. Only thus can it become itself. It is not untrue to its source, but only true to that source when it does this.

How much freedom would come to us if we accepted the word, "You must be born again"? It is Jesus' word of freedom. Here he casts off all of the shackles of our heredity and of our environment; here he sets us free as individuals; here he writes us down, not as inheritors of earthly limitations from ancestors, but writes us down as kin to God himself; here he cuts all mere traces of human ancestry and gives us

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origin in the love and being of the Divine Energy. We are not sons and daughters of earth, but sons and daughters of the divine. Our secret springs are in God. And to this, following true religion, the very latest psychology brings its verification.

Oh, why have we called the second birth a thing of theory, of philosophy, or a religious duty, and why then have we put it in cold storage of a creed and left it there? It is as warm, and living, and lovable as a new babe, it is human like a cradle, personal as our personal love, and free as our breath is free, and as lovely as morning!

It is the declaration of man's second chance! It is the announcement of his fresh opportunity! It is the Declaration of his Supreme Independence! Out of Nicodemus' cut-and-dried knowledge of God, the kingdom of God comes down to walk on our two feet, and summon each of us to God's own nature. Take the whole matter out of the skies! See it as the most hopeful word ever spoken to men! Put yourself in process of this mighty change and growth, and you will see and enter the kingdom of God on earth! It will remake you! It will give you a fresh start! It will surprise you with new hope! It will open anew the closed gates of reality! By the rebirth of your soul, you enter into the kingdom of God, a limitless child of a limitless Love, the son and daughter who is inheritor of all the enlargements and opportunities of God!

Timely Verse

Our Country

TO all who hope for Freedom's gleam
Across the warring years,
Who offer life to build a dream
In laughter or in tears,
To all who toil, unmarked, unknown,
By city, field or sea,
I give my heart, I reach my hand,
A common hope, a common land
Is made of you and me.

For we have loved her summer dawns
Beyond the misty hill,
And we have shared her toil, her fruit
Of farm and shop and mill.
Our weaknesses have made her shame,
Our strength has built her powers,
And we have hoped and we have striven
That to her children might be given
A fairer world than ours.

We dreamed to hold her safe, apart
From strife; the dream was vain.
Her heart is now earth's bleeding heart,
She shares the whole earth's pain.
To men oppressed in all the lands
One flashing hope has gone,
One vision wide as earth appears,
We seek, across the warring years,
The gray world's golden dawn.

ANNA LOUISE STRONG.

The Traitor

THE traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Loyalties

LET us keep splendid loyalties,
For we are falling prey to lesser things.
What use are breath and strength if we no longer feel
The thrill of battle for some holy cause
Or hear high morning bugles calling us away?
Let brave hearts dare to break the truce with things
Ere we have lost our ancient heritage.
Are we to gain a world to lose our souls,
Souls which can keep faith until death
And die, triumphant, in some crimson dawn?

Nay, we must keep faith with the unnumbered brave
Who pushed aside horizons, that we might reach
The better things: We cannot rest until
We have put courage once more on her throne;
For Honor clamors for her heritage,
And Right still claims a kingdom of its own.

WALTER A. CUTTER.

A Prayer

GRANT me today this prayer:
I would have beauty, Lord,
Not beauty of the outward form,
Not fine array to deck my flesh,
But beauty absolute,
God's comeliness within—
That beauty of the inward soul
For which the wise man prayed to Pan.

Like Socrates, I too
Would have the life within
At one with that I show to men—
My treasure wisdom, and my gold
No more than may the wise
In health of soul possess.
Is there aught else, O Lord, to ask?
This is my prayer. It is enough.

GEORGIA HARKNESS.

What Are the Facts About Modern Youth?

BY JOHN RAY EWERS

"ALL freshmen are atheists," remarked a junior, my son's roommate in Dartmouth college, as we sat at dinner in the college inn. But one must bear in mind that a young college student gets a kick out of writing himself down as an atheist. He is testing everything; there is no particular reason, so long as his father sends him his check each week, why he should be serious about anything except athletics. Religion, however, holds its own with the most popular subjects in the dormitory discussions. College students do not attend church voluntarily, and while this is to be regretted, it is not necessarily a sign of degeneracy. Soon after graduation, the average person marries; after a time, children appear, and then religion and the church seem more essential. I dare say this is the experience of the majority. The four years of college make heavy demands: science, literature, history, art, music, mathematics, philosophy, and the other so-called disciplines must be mastered. Religion, in its formal expressions, seems, for the time, pushed aside. Since religion is life, this is unfortunate. But we must face conditions as they exist.

But what shall we say about youth not in college? Is there much difference in their attitude toward the church? Such young people are usually absorbed in practical efforts; are trying to make good in store, factory, farm, or salesmanship; and, so far as I am able to observe, their experiences are not widely different from those of the college group. In our own young people's society, it seems to me that the two types mix freely, and without conscious strain. I cannot see that their reactions to the church differ widely.

• *Are Our Youth of Today "Burned Out"?*

Bertrand Russell is supposed to have observed that the youth of England, the United States and western Europe are "burned out," have lost their optimism, enthusiasm—joy in living. He seems to think that they have tested patriotism and found it empty; have looked upon art, and have failed to be deeply moved; have tasted religion and found it not good. Disillusioned, they have turned, with dismay, to behold the youth of Russia wild with enthusiasm over a new type of government; to India to see the passionate devotion to a spiritual leader like Gandhi; and even to China, where new movements fill the students and other youngsters with eagerness.

For the past three summers, I have been in Germany; I have watched the rapid change in the youth movement there. Seven years ago a deeply tanned young man, accompanied by a carefree young woman, told us about the manner in which the youth had broken away from authority, and how, with guitars, they wandered through the forests, seeking freedom. He carefully

JOHN RAY EWERS

explained their remarkable morality; it was freedom, not license, they were seeking. The movement had not yet accepted a serious objective. During the Stresemann regime, a pompously fresh young "doctor," spick and span from the university, boomed out his rhetorical generalities. This past summer, a hungry-faced, keen-eyed boy thrilled us as he passionately described how the German youth had rushed into the political battle. Three-fourths of the students, he told us, were Hitlerites, but others, from conservative homes, were enthusiastically behind the leaders of the right. Still others, driven by poverty and the inability to find work, had become madly communistic. In a word, German youth had gone political with a vengeance.

This is a true picture. Particularly, I was impressed by the youthfulness of the communistic marchers. The average age seemed to be about eighteen to twenty. A million young men and women, there, find the gates locked and doubly locked against them, when, as prepared applicants, they are turned away from the doors of opportunity. German youth is flaming, white hot, terribly in earnest. Hitler leads thousands of them, millions of them. In ten years, the youth movement may completely change Germany.

• *The Faith and Hope of Russia's Youth*

In Russia, I was deeply impressed by the youth movement; there it is clear-cut, well-defined—obvious. The streets are filled with marching, singing Reds. The parks are thronged with them. Sports thrive. Three years ago the Komsomols were supposed to have had less than three million members. Today, they boast twice that number. The Communist party contains only about two million members. The best Komsomols graduate into the party. It is a great honor, and one has to win one's spurs. The age limits for this group are sixteen and twenty-four. I discovered that they had their own moral code; they are the only living Puritans on earth. For the sake of their party success, they demand honesty, frown upon sex-license, scorn profanity, and even reprimand smoking and dancing. No outside authority demands these things. Spontaneously, they have worked out these rules.

Below the Komsomols are the Young Pioneers, corresponding to our Scouts; and still younger, we find the Octobrists—organized, cub scouts, one might call them. Also, there is the Society of the Godless, three millions strong—the smart atheistic group, which laughs at the idea of God and regards religion as "the opiate of the people." One may still see that motto near the Kremlin gate. The Komsomols hold pep meetings when a fleet of new tractors is to be set going. They organize campaigns to clean up the cities and towns. They are hot-gospelers for modern ideas. They are flaming evangelists of communism. In Moscow and Leningrad, as well as out on the Collective Farm, they told me with perfect seriousness that their party would soon capture the entire world. You see faith; you find enthusiasm; you witness devotion to a cause, in Russia. Marx certainly has inspired Russia. Youth is on the march in Russia.

• *Mussolini's Appeal To Youth*

The most dramatic thing which I saw in Europe, two years ago, was Mussolini's attempt to capture the youth of Italy for the state. His theory is that the state is supreme. He saw how the church was seeking and hold-

ing the Italian children and young people. What did he do? He grasped the exclusive right to manage and direct the out-of-door games and activities.

In a warm country like Italy, this signifies much more than it would here. I went out to the park in Florence to find out for myself. What I saw there thrilled me. Hundreds of youngsters from six years up to sixteen thronged the fields. Their fine, strong bodies, exposed to the sun, were brown like those of Indians. They were happy and healthy. Some were playing games under expert leaders; some were in great singing classes (they sang "Yankee-Doodle" for us); some were drilling (older boys and girls) under skilful army officers. (The girls, as well as the boys, are taught to use rifles.) They come in the morning and they stay all day. Propaganda about Mussolini and the state is drilled into them. Six o'clock came; they massed in salute for the Fascist flag, and as it was lowered, they sang their Fascist national song. I have heard Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Americans, and others sing their national hymns, but never have I felt such a throb of patriotism, such a passion of devotion to a cause, as those Italian children demonstrated that evening.

Mussolini is capturing the youth of Italy. Drums were beating as other throngs moved toward home, in Florence. All over Italy, hundreds of thousands are gathered into this youth movement.

• *Why No Youth Movement In America?*

When I asked an honor student from one of our universities why there is no youth movement in America, she replied: "Our professors are cynics; they are not brave men of action; at best, they teach us to think and analyze, never to act; most of them oppose religion, and few of them attend church." Another student, of equal mentality, broke in with: "It must be a very poor type of religion which cannot endure the criticism of a university professor." Still another defended professors, citing man after man who was a loyal churchman. Yet I am inclined to think that there is something worth noting in the first girl's statement. While any number of the finest possible men and women are Christian professors, too many of the type are scornful of religion, and certainly undermine the faith of their students.

Unfortunately, also, much of this so-called "faith" is the wooden structure of fundamentalism, which is not calculated to endure the fires of scientific criticism. Still, we must remember that science only weighs, measures, and describes objective realities. Is there not an intangible realm of realities, beyond weight and measure, or even description? What shall we say of love, idealism, sacrifice, beauty, friendship, bravery in a cause? What is the scientific explanation of a sunset, of a soldier's bravery, of a lover's devotion, of loyalty to a high and holy cause?

• *How Greed Has Despoiled Our Youth*

Making proper allowance for the cynicism of professors, there is still another element which destroys the idealism of youth—and that is the greed of business men. I need not call names—the papers are full of such names. Some of these men have already committed suicide; others are feeling the killing scorn of their fellowmen. The very atmosphere of America has been made foul by the pestilential presence of this vile element of greed. It ruined the stock markets, it filled our sweatshops, it broke our tender children in industry, it robbed workingmen of their just share of profits, it corrupted our cities, it created racketeering, it recruited the army of bootleggers, it rotted the fiber of business, it soiled the morals of our political leaders. In the National Museum in London, there is a frightful picture of "Mammon." It shows a bestial man, seated on his bags of gold; his great paw has broken a young man and a young woman who are sprawled at his feet —dead. I noticed that several of the young people in our party mentioned it as most impressive. I think I know why.

• *Where the Churches Have Failed*

But it would be cowardly and unfair to blame the teachers of America, and the business men, and to let the problem go at that. The churches are to blame—and they most of all; for the churches have failed to keep glowing the altar fires which are their only reason for existence. They have failed to make goodness attractive; they have not won—or even challenged—the youth. Divided, they have presented no unified message; worldly, they have created no passionate faith; selfish, they have aroused no powerful, crusading spirit for social causes. Maurice Hindus said to me that Russia had a substitute for nearly every religious element. Why do we not see our youth flaming out against municipal corruption, demanding employment, breaking up racketeering, destroying graft and favoritism, speaking out for world-peace, insisting upon general disarmament—why? Because our youth have witnessed the evil example of an older generation, and have been reared in the poisonous air of a polluted society—a society of greed—a generation which, being too timid and too weak to create, has turned cynical.

But I am far from pessimistic. Each year I go to a great university to hold discussions in the frat houses. Never have I found the students so serious and so receptive to religion as this year. The reasons may be obvious, but nevertheless, the fact is encouraging. In my own church we have witnessed, in recent years, a growing interest on the part of young people, in numbers and in social expressions. While I would welcome more at the services, I honestly believe that, relatively, the young people exceed the older people in church attendance. I sincerely believe that while there is no youth movement, as such, in our country, Bertrand Russell is wrong in suggesting that our young people are "burned out" and disillusioned. I see many hopeful signs.

• *A New Faith In God Must Come*

But may I say, in conclusion, something which I consider quite fundamental in our consideration of the problems of youth today. It is a sad thing to say, but it is true—not only outside the church, but too often within, genuine faith in a living and good God has gone; and that great lack has had its bearing upon the faith and life of our youth.

If *only the church could succeed in making God real!*

Recently, I crossed the ocean on a ship mastered by Captain Fried—that big-hearted rescuer of the high seas. One day, I was invited up into his room to meet him. Each time we rose to go, he said: "Do not be in hurry —sit down." Finally, he observed: "I wonder if I seem dull to you; it would be no wonder, for I have been up all night for four nights. The only thing I fear on the ocean is the fog—I have been up on the bridge, myself—watching."

I suppose there were many people on that ship who thought only of rest. They were tired; they wanted relaxation; they gave no thought to the ship. There must have been evil men and women on that boat. There may have been naive people who imagined that a ship, such as the one we were aboard, practically operated itself. And I know there were many thoughtless people who merely drifted across the ocean, with no interest or conception of the why or the how. But over all of them the good captain watched. While they slept, he guarded the weary, the sinful, the materialistic, the thoughtless—over them all, he set his firm watch. He was responsible for them all. Nothing must happen of evil to them.

Thinking of this, a saying from the Psalms came to me: "He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps." God is alive—it is his world—if only we could learn his mind, his heart, could understand him better, could cooperate with him more perfectly!

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

REV. GEORGE A. BUTTRICK *succeeded* Dr. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN as minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church, New York city, in 1927, coming to New York from First church, Buffalo. Dr. BUTTRICK was born in England, and graduated from Lancaster Independent college, Manchester, with honors in philosophy. He was ordained in the Congregational ministry, and his first pastorates in America were at Quincy, Ill., and Rutland, Vt.—both Congregational pastorates. His sermon, "Aeroplane Thoughts on Religion," was preached recently at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club.

After a four years service as rector of Grace Episcopal church, Woodside, Md., Rev. WILLIAM R. MOODY went to St. Mark's church, Washington, D. C., where he now ministers. His youth was spent in Virginia, and there he received his education, his B. D. degree having been won at the Episcopal theological seminary in Virginia; he engaged in graduate study at Columbia and George Washington universities. Before entering the ministry, Dr. MOODY was active in the field of secondary education, and for years has given much attention to the promotion of summer camps for youth. He is chairman of the department of religious education in his diocese. Last summer he was the official delegate from the diocese on the Churchmen's Pilgrimage to Japan.

Rev. ROLLAND W. SCHLOERB *graduated* at the North Central college, Naperville, Ill., and has a B. D. from that school; he was awarded a B. D. degree also by Union seminary, New York. He received his M. A. at Northwestern, and studied also for a year at the University of Chicago. Dr. SCHLOERB ministered at First Evangelical church, Naperville, for seven years, and in 1929 he was called to Hyde Park Baptist church, Chicago, to succeed Dr. CHARLES W. GILKEY.

After receiving his A. B. degree from Princeton, Rev. DOUGLAS HORTON pursued graduate study at New college, Edinburgh; Mansfield college, Oxford, and at the University of Tubingen, Germany; he was awarded his B. D. by Hartford seminary. Ordained in the Congregational ministry in 1915, he ministered to First Congregational church, Middletown, Conn., until 1925, when he was called to the Leyden Congregational church in Brookline, Mass.; since 1931 he has been minister of the United church of Hyde Park, in Chicago. Dr. HORTON has rendered outstanding service by his translations of much of the work of Karl Barth, especially his "The Word of God and the Word of Man."

Rev. HENRY S. LEIPER *has had a varied* career—as Presbyterian minister, secretary of the Student Volunteer movement, army "Y" secretary, missionary in China, editor of a number of publications, executive secretary of the American section of the Universal Christian Council on Life and Work, director China famine relief, etc., etc. He is now foreign secretary of the Federal Council of Churches.

For several years Rev. GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER ministered at the First Unitarian church, Toledo, but last year he became pastor of the Unitarian church in Keene, N. H.

Rev. HUGH T. KERR *is minister of the* Shadyside Presbyterian church, Pittsburgh.

Rev. JOHN RAY EWERS *is minister at* the East End Christian church, Pittsburgh.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JOHN S. HIGGINS, Episcopal Church of the Advent, Chicago, Ill. "Progress—Limited." Matt. 6:33—"But you must make his kingdom your greatest care." (Goodspeed.)

RALPH MARSHALL DAVIS, Church of the Covenant (Pres.), Erie, Pa. "That Silent Man." Isa. 53:7—"He openeth not his mouth."

EDGAR DEWITT JONES, Central Woodward Christian, Detroit, Mich. "Captivity Turned." Job 42:10—"The Lord turned the captivity of Job when he prayed for his friends."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

C. D. BROWN, Methodist church, Lilesville, N. C. "Creative Thinking." Prov. 23:7—"For as he thinketh in his heart so is he."

GEORGE A. BUTTERS, Memorial Methodist, Beverly, Mass. "An Ancient Jigsaw." 1 Cor. 1:23, 24—"Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them that are called . . . the power of God."

EDWARD G. GOETZ, Zion Evangelical, Washington, D. C. "Faith's Request and Conquest." Matt. 15:25, 28—"Then came she and worshiped him, saying, Lord, help me." "Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

BENJAMIN BAIRD, First Christian, Fremont, Neb. "Filthy Righteousness." Isa. 64:6—"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

E. S. MORELAND, Arlington Avenue Christian, Los Angeles, Cal. "Life's Essential Conquest." Psalm 103:1—"All that is within me."

A. E. COOKE, Boulevard Congregational, Denver, Colo. "Foundations of Rock in the Day of Disaster." Psalm 11:5—"If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

UP to this moment the economic conference in London has made no formal progress. And the informal tensions and strains which the chatter of the press tends to magnify into serious crises are precisely what might be expected. There is bound to be a considerable amount of jockeying for positions before the formal race is begun. It is a new kind of conference. Never before have the questions which dominate its agenda—notably tariffs and money stabilization—been the theme of international consideration. These matters have always been held as the absolute prerogative of each nation to do as it would with them. The effects of any international policy that may be adopted are likely to be of vital importance to this or that nation; and moreover the effects in many cases are incalculable. Necessity is likely to drive the nations to an adjustment and an agreement. The United States is in a position, due chiefly to its abandonment of the gold standard, to play almost a compulsory role. For Europe would lose more by this country's adoption of a policy of economic isolation than by whatever compromise is required to reach an agreement.

The Economic Conference

The Book of the Month

THE SOCIAL GOSPEL AND THE CHRISTIAN CULTUS. *By Charles Clayton Morrison. Harper & Bros.*, $2.00.

THE monopoly on book reviews which I enjoy in this magazine is something of a handicap when the book to be considered is my own. I would prefer to make way for another reviewer. But, like all authors, I am not altogether satisfied with what the reviewers say of my book. Not that any of them have said anything mean about it—that is just the trouble—they say pleasant things but do not deal with the issues which the book raises. And if there are any more challenging issues for modern religion than I have raised in this book I do not know what they are. The author, at least, imagines that he has thrust a heavy charge of dynamite into the established system of Protestantism and touched it off. He expects to hear a thunderous detonation. But the critics have so far been mildly complimentary. This will not do. The book is either a fantastic tissue of errors or it points the way to a radical revolution in Protestantism. I can see no middle ground and I wish some critic would really come to grips with its thesis. The book challenges the most vital and universally accepted belief of Protestant evangelicalism, namely, that Christianity in its original character and its abiding essence is primarily a religion of the inner life. The author contends that Christ was not for the first Christians primarily a personal savior but a public figure, that Christianity was at the beginning a social gospel, that the social gospel therefore is not an appendage or special application of the perennial gospel but the essence of the Christian faith. He calls for a radical reconstruction of the Christian cultus—in its form of worship, its theology, its mode of church organization and its ethical strategy—in order to make Protestantism Christian. I would like to see that question discussed and I would not much care whether the critic is for or against the book's thesis.

A Thought for the Month

IT grows more and more clear to me, as I reflect upon the incarnation of God in Christ, that we have missed something fundamental about our Lord's life and death. We have never sought to find an explanation of the antagonism which he provoked in the hearts of the Jewish rulers which led them to demand that he be put to death. We have been content to think of him as so "good," and the Jews as so "bad," that out of sheer fiendishness they crucified him. This is to miss the reality of the incarnation. It treats Jesus as though he had lived in a vacuum. There is nothing historical about it. It is inconceivable, when once we put our minds to it, that Jesus was crucified just because he was good, because he gave a cup of cold water, or was meek and pure in heart, or loved his neighbor as himself, or kept in beautiful perfection all the moral precepts of his own preaching. It is not in human nature to slay any man for that kind of goodness. The truth is that Jesus was crucified because he brought a specific proposal to Israel which cut straight across the fanatical nationalism of Israel's rulers, and by the persistent advocacy of his proposal he made himself a seditious person in their eyes. The gospel writers have not given us this proposal in explicit language. But it seems clear that Jesus asked Israel to abandon the fatuous nationalistic hope which focused itself in the expectation of an imperialistic messiah and to accept what I might call an evangelistic role as the bearer of the gospel of the kingdom of God to all mankind. His persistence and his popularity must have made him more of a menace than our records make clear, and finally he was put out of the way. It was Jewish nationalism that crucified Jesus, not just some general "badness" of the Jewish people. His incarnation went farther than the "flesh." He became incarnate in the political and moral culture of his age and people, whose proud but foolish dream of secular imperialism he opposed, and paid for his opposition on the cross.

A Wider View of the Incarnation

Charles Clayton Morrison

A World-Wide Fellowship of Preaching . . .

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY PULPIT is continually being told by its readers of the increasing value of the Pulpit as a bond of fellowship—tying together, as it does, the thousands of ministers of all denominations, throughout America and in far-flung lands. From the larger cities, from towns and villages, from rural pastorates—from Japan, India, England, the Canal Zone—letters have come, testifying to the fact that, in these difficult days for ministers, the Pulpit has brought inspiration, encouragement, hope for the future.

HERE, for instance, is a letter from a Community church in Arizona. A lonely task, there, the work of a pastor. This minister writes:

> "I am greatly indebted to The Christian Century Pulpit and The Christian Century for help in thinking through the fog, smoke, and dust of our present atmosphere. In the isolation of this great Southwest, where personal contact with liberal, congenial, spiritual men is impracticable, the contacts you help to make with leaders of our time are to me invaluable."

BUT CITY PREACHERS, too, need encouragement and fellowship. A Baltimore preacher writes: "In a day when prophets are so greatly needed, and at a time when prophets themselves need the encouragement of comradeship and the consciousness that they are not alone, The Christian Century Pulpit is indeed rendering an unparalleled service."

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